

WEIRD
THRILLERS

Monster Of The Caverns **TENTACLES OF DEATH**



WEIRD

10c

SUMMER

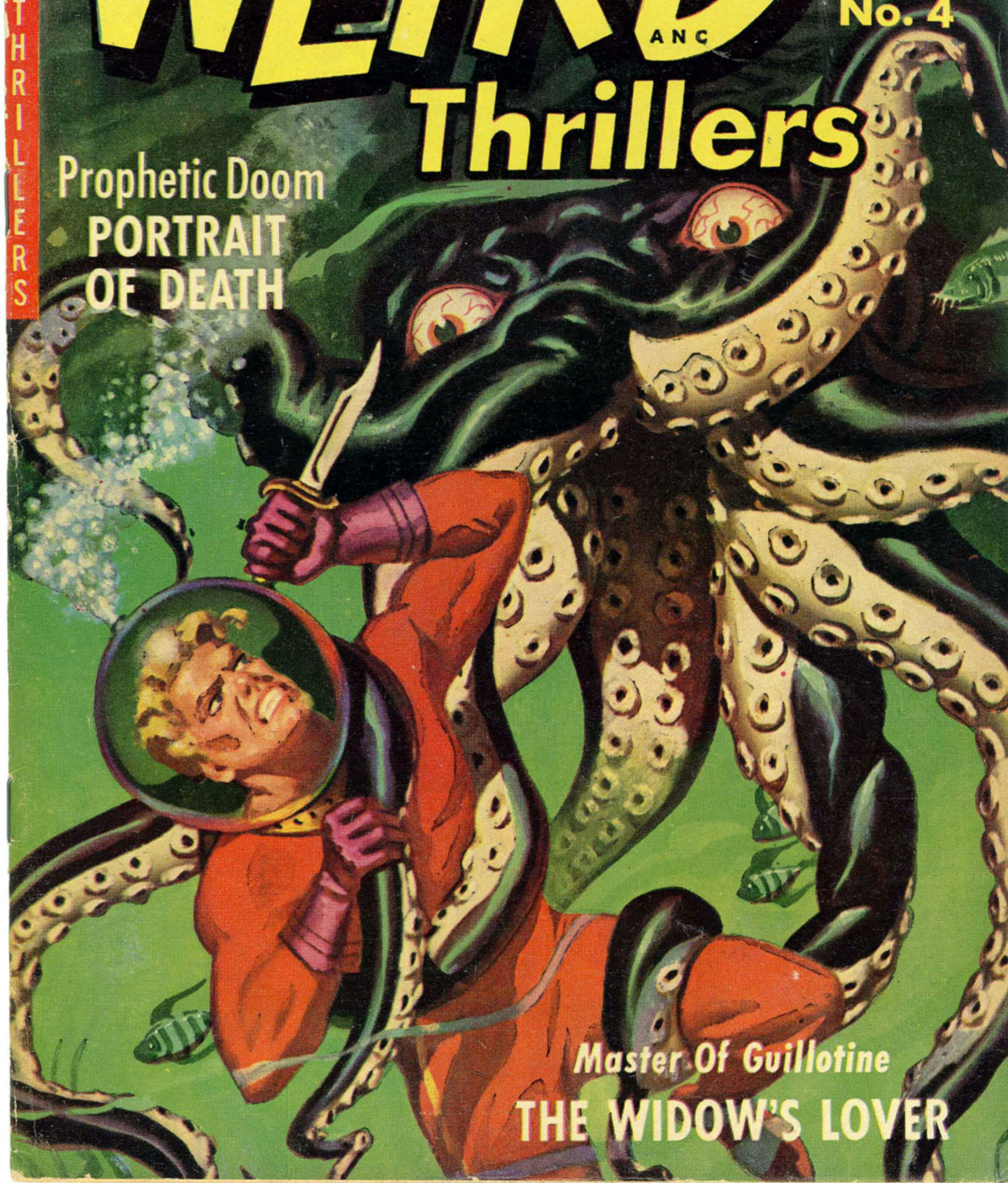
No. 4

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Thrillers

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**PORTRAIT
OF DEATH**



Master Of Guillotine

THE WIDOW'S LOVER



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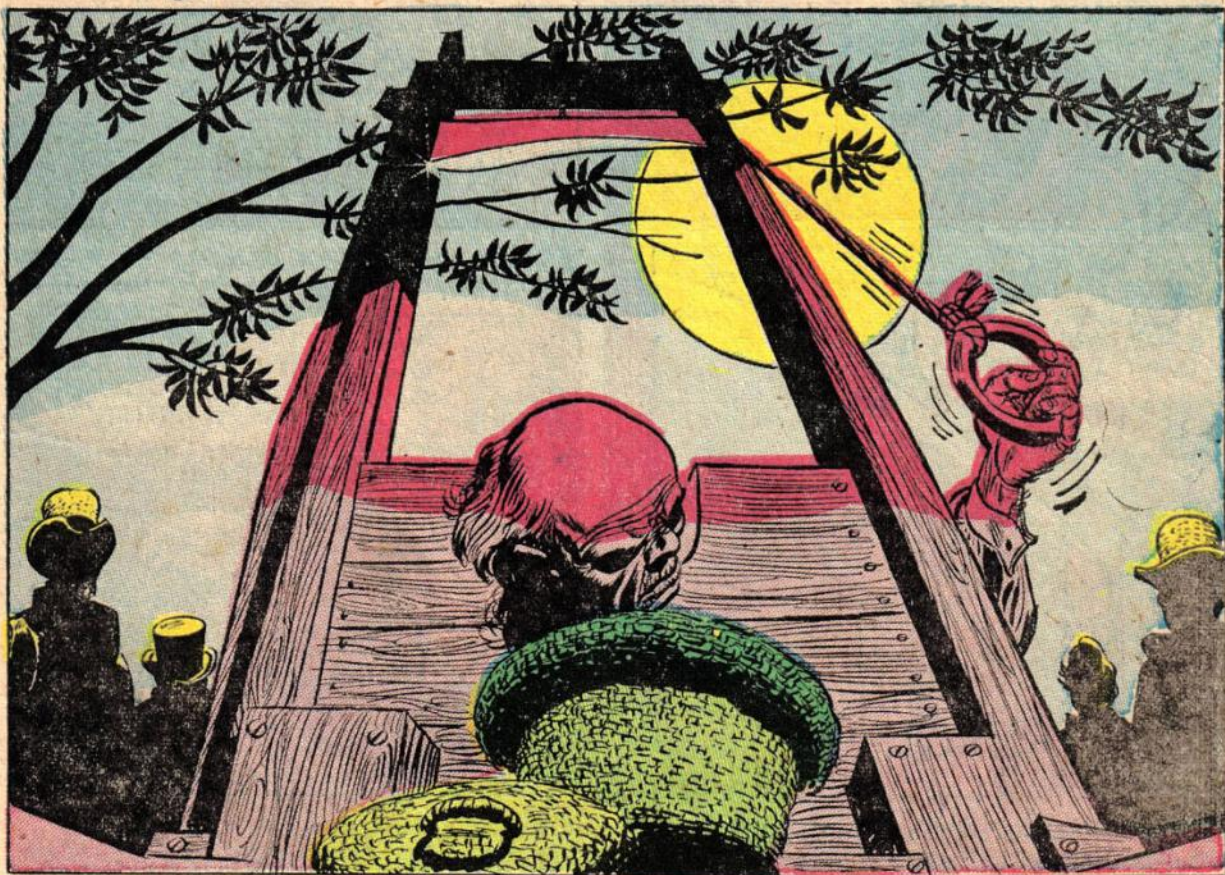
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MOULIN, THE EXECUTIONER, HAD OFFICIATED AT THE BEHEADING OF OVER 700 VICTIMS. HE LOVED HIS WORK, HE LOVED THE GUILLOTINE — "THE WIDOW," SO DEEPLY, THAT HE BECAME KNOWN, AT LAST AS...

The WIDOW'S LOVER



IN THE OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR OF A PROVINCIAL FRENCH PRISON...

IT IS AN OUTRAGE! I, VINCENT, THE EXECUTIONER OF FRANCE, SPEND SIX MONTHS IN THE COLONIES ATTENDING TO MY DUTIES! TODAY I RETURN TO FRANCE!



AND I FIND THAT IN YOUR PRISON THERE IS TO BE AN EXECUTION-- ***PRESIDED OVER BY ANOTHER EXECUTIONER!***

IT IS AN AFFRONT, AN INSULT TO ME!



WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, MONSIEUR VINCENT--BUT I BEG OF YOU TO LET ME EXPLAIN!



YOU REMEMBER YOUR
PREDECESSOR, OLD
MOULIN ?

AH, MOULIN ! HE WAS
AN ARTIST, THAT ONE !



"YOU ARE RIGHT, VINCENT ! MOULIN LOVED HIS
WORK !"

AH, LA GUILLOTINE--
"THE WIDOW" ! HOW
BEAUTIFUL SHE IS !
HOW EFFICIENT !



AND HER KEEN-EDGED
BLADE OF THE FINEST
STEEL ! AH, I TAKE
GOOD CARE OF YOU,
DON'T I, WIDOW ?



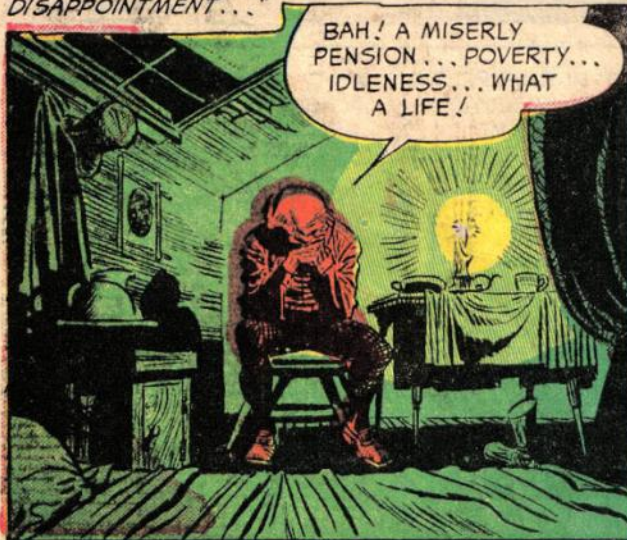
"BUT AT LAST MOULIN REACHED THE AGE OF
RETIREMENT..."

VINCENT, I LEAVE THE
OFFICE OF EXECUTIONER
OF FRANCE TO YOU !
CONDUCT YOURSELF
AS AN ARTIST !



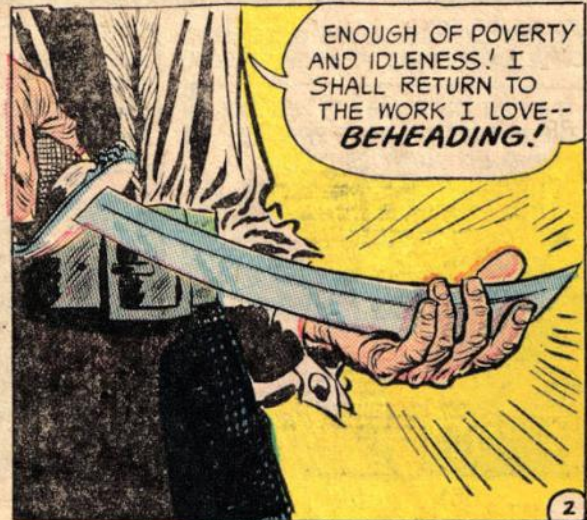
"BUT MOULIN'S RETIREMENT TURNED OUT TO BE A
DISAPPOINTMENT..."

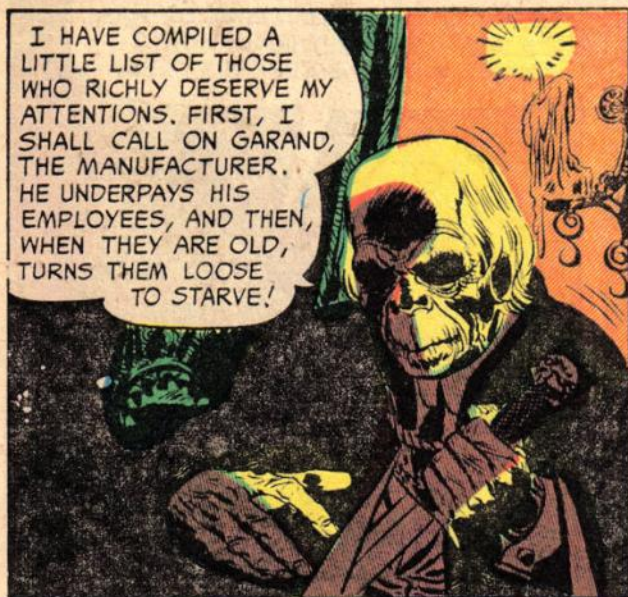
BAH ! A MISERLY
PENSION... POVERTY...
IDLENESS... WHAT
A LIFE !



"AND SO, MOULIN FINALLY DETERMINED TO
RETURN TO THE PRACTICE OF HIS PROFESSION..."

ENOUGH OF POVERTY
AND IDLENESS ! I
SHALL RETURN TO
THE WORK I LOVE--
BEHEADING !





I HAVE COMPILED A LITTLE LIST OF THOSE WHO RICHLY DESERVE MY ATTENTIONS. FIRST, I SHALL CALL ON GARAND, THE MANUFACTURER. HE UNDERPAYS HIS EMPLOYEES, AND THEN, WHEN THEY ARE OLD, TURNS THEM LOOSE TO STARVE!

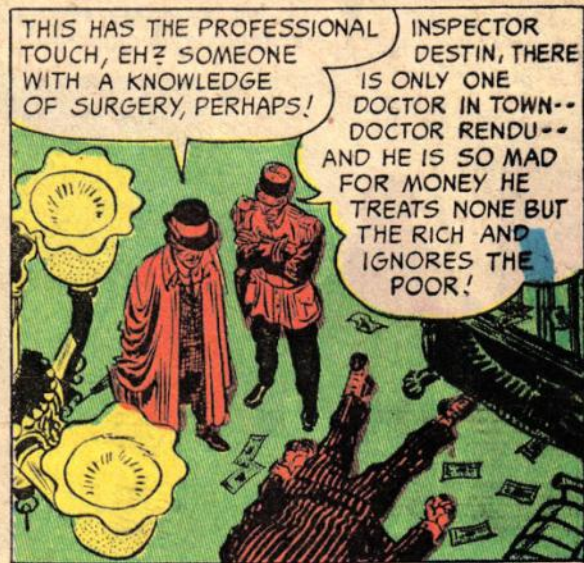


MONSIEUR GARAND?

MOULIN! HOW DARE YOU INTRUDE IN THIS MANNER!



AH! A MOST SUCCESSFUL OPERATION! AND NOW FOR MY FEE!



THIS HAS THE PROFESSIONAL TOUCH, EH? SOMEONE WITH A KNOWLEDGE OF SURGERY, PERHAPS!

INSPECTOR DESTIN, THERE IS ONLY ONE DOCTOR IN TOWN-- DOCTOR RENDU-- AND HE IS SO MAD FOR MONEY HE TREATS NONE BUT THE RICH AND IGNORES THE POOR!



YOU ARE INSANE, DESTIN! AT THE TIME YOU SAY THE MURDER TOOK PLACE, I WAS TREATING A PATIENT AT THE HOSPITAL-- AND I HAVE A DOZEN WITNESSES TO PROVE IT!



WHAT A PITY THAT HE IS INNOCENT! THE WORLD WOULD BE IMPROVED WITH HIS BEHEADING!

THE NEXT EVENING...

FORGIVE THE LATENESS OF THE HOUR, DR. RENDU. I AM SUFFERING FROM A STRANGE ILLNESS. I FIND MYSELF WANTING TO CUT OFF PEOPLE'S HEADS.

VERY UNUSUAL. BUT FIRST, LET US DISCUSS THE FEE!

TSK! ALL HE COULD THINK OF WAS HIS FEE--HOW UNETHICAL! NOW I WONDER WHERE HE KEPT HIS FEES!

ROBBED AND BEHEADED LIKE THE OTHER!

AND WE **SUSPECTED HIM** OF BEING THE CRIMINAL!

I HAVE A THEORY. OUR MURDERER IS SKILLED AT BEHEADING AND BEHEADS THOSE WHO HAVE CAUSED SUFFERING! NOW THEN--WHO ELSE IN THIS TOWN HAS CAUSED SUFFERING?

THERE IS THE MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES--DURAND! HE HAS, SINGLE-HANDED BLOCKED EVERY ATTEMPT TO INCREASE CIVIL SERVICE PENSIONS! AH, BUT MANY AN OLD SERVANT OF THE STATE SUFFERS BECAUSE OF THIS VILE DURAND!

AH, MONSIEUR MOULIN! WHAT BRINGS YOU TO MY OFFICE?

A QUESTION OF POLITICS, MONSIEUR DURAND!

DROP THAT WEAPON, MOULIN! WE'VE CAUGHT YOU RED-HANDED!

YOU UNDERSTAND, MONSIEUR, THAT ANYTHING YOU TELL ME MAY BE USED AGAINST YOU AT YOUR TRIAL?

BAH! MY LIFE IS OVER! WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?



IT IS THE SENTENCE OF THIS COURT, EDOUARD MOULIN, THAT YOU BE EXECUTED IN THE USUAL MANNER!

WONDERFUL! ONCE AGAIN I SHALL EMBRACE LA GUILLOTINE--MY BELOVED "WIDOW"!



COME, MONSIEUR VINCENT. IT IS TIME FOR MOULIN'S LAST WALK. YOU WILL NOT OFFICIATE, YOU UNDERSTAND?

I THINK I UNDERSTAND, SIR.



"MOULIN PRESENTED NO DEFENSE. HIS CONVICTION WAS A MATTER OF MINUTES..."



"A MONTH LATER, I ASKED MOULIN THE USUAL QUESTION..."

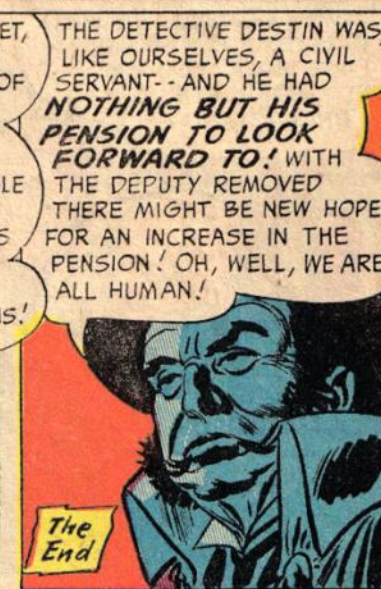
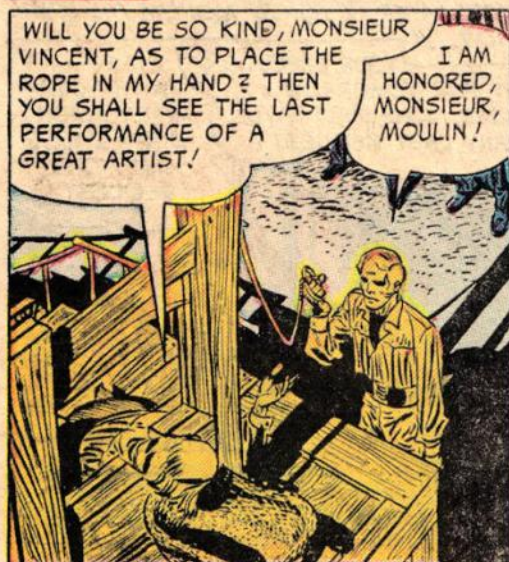
YOUR EXECUTION IS SET FOR TOMORROW MORNING, MONSIEUR! HAVE YOU ANY LAST REQUEST?

YES-- WITH YOUR PERMISSION, SIR-- I HAVE JUST ONE REQUEST!



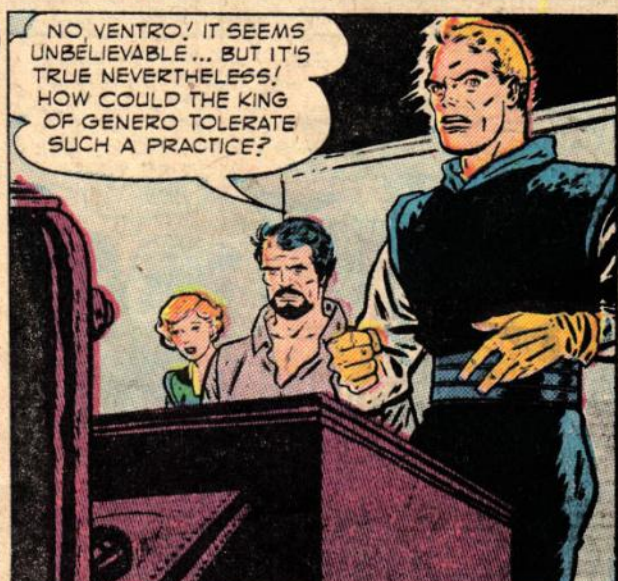
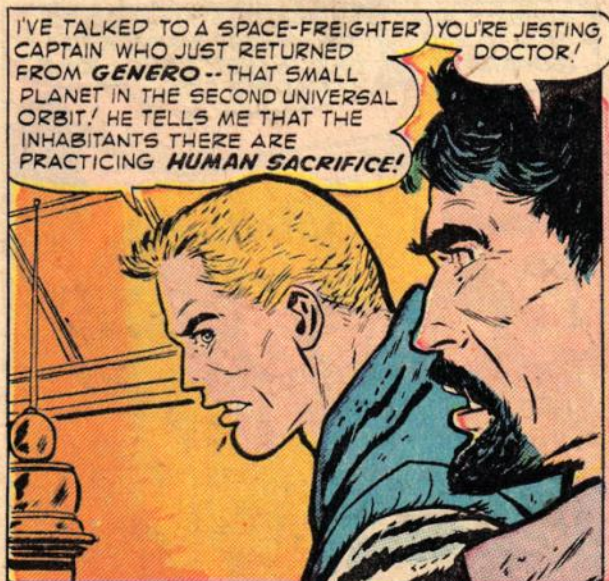
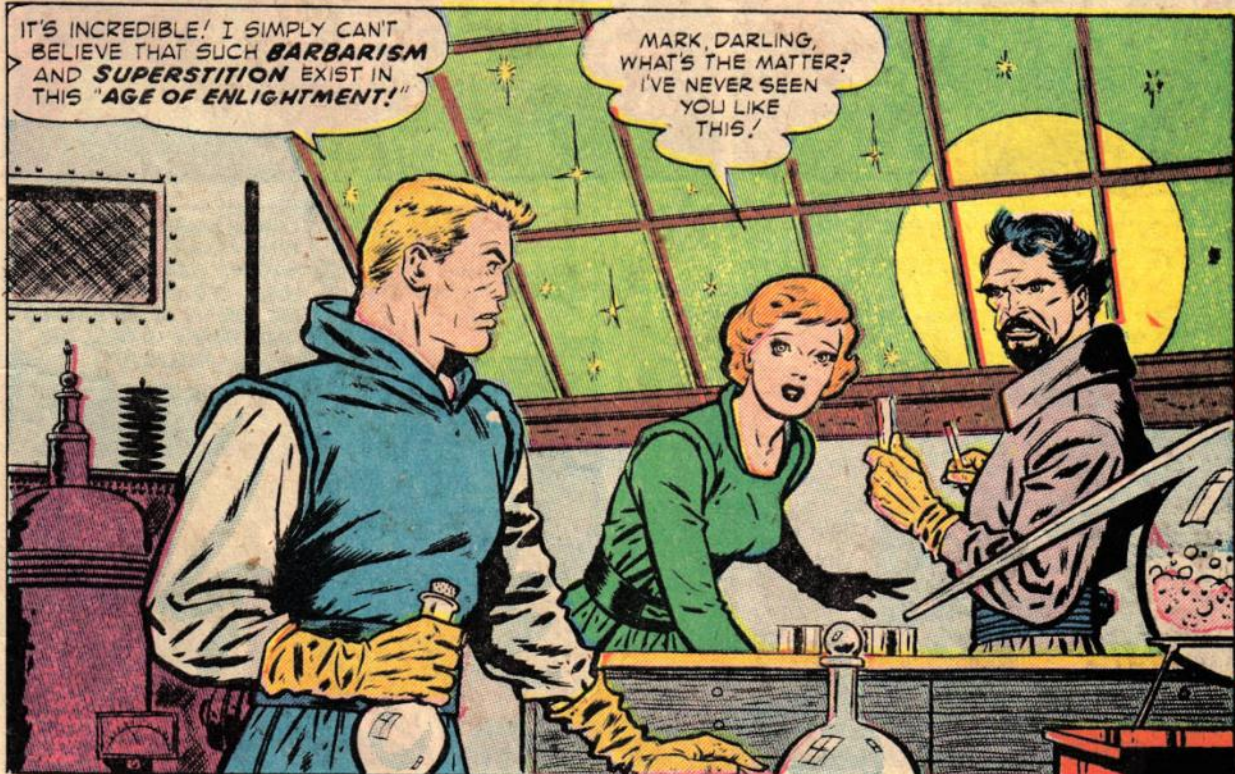
AND SO, MOULIN'S DEATH MARCH BEGINS...





The Tentacles of DEATH

IT IS THE YEAR 2230
AND SCIENCE HAS
TRUMPHED OVER THE
BASENESS AND DEPRAVITY
THAT CAUSED THE TERRIBLE
WARS OF THE TWENTY-
SECOND CENTURY! HERE
IN THE HUMMING G-2
EXPERIMENTAL LABOR-
ATORIES OF EARTH, WE
FIND DR. MARK SAYANT, A
BRILLIANT YOUNG
SCIENTIST, JUST ENTERING
THE FISSION ROOM...





SURELY THE INTER-STELLAR POLICE CAN PUT A STOP TO IT!

TRUE, MONA, BUT I'M AFRAID THIS CALLS FOR SOMETHING MORE THAN JUST A POLICE ACTION! THAT'S WHY I'M LEAVING FOR GENERO THIS AFTER-NOON! VENTRO, GET THE **ASTRO II** READY!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER ON THE PITTED, CORRODED SURFACE OF GENERO...

MAGO, LOOK! A SPACE CRAFT! WHAT IF THE STELLAR-POLICE ARE...

QUIET, YOU FOOL! IT'S A **CIVILIAN SHIP**! I'LL HANDLE THEM!



WELCOME TO GENERO! I AM **MAGO SARTORUS**, GRAND VIZIER! TO WHAT DO WE OWE YOUR GRACIOUS PRESENCE?

WE'LL DISCUSS THAT LATER, MAGO! RIGHT NOW I WANT AUDIENCE WITH KING GAARLO!



ALAS, OUR GOOD KING IS HEAVILY BURDENED WITH AFFAIRS OF STATE! PERHAPS I COULD HELP YOU!

LOOK, MAGO, YOU TELL KING GAARLO THAT DR. SAVANT WANTS TO SEE HIM! HE'D **BETTER** SEE ME..OR HE'LL BE SEEING THE **INTER-STELLAR POLICE**!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN THE THRONE ROOM...

LISTEN TO ME, GAARLO! YOU MUST SEND DR. SAVANT AWAY! HE WILL BRING ONLY **EVIL** TO THIS KINGDOM! I HAVE READ OF HIS COMING IN THE STARS.... AND HE IS **EVIL**!

DR. SAVANT EVIL? NO, HE IS MY OLD FRIEND... I--ALL RIGHT, MAGO! I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!



GAARLO, I MUST TALK TO YOU **PRIVATELY**!

IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD, DR. SAVANT! GO BACK TO YOUR PLANET! I SHALL RULE AS I SEE FIT!



GAARLO, YOU KNOW IN YOUR HEART YOU ARE DOING AN EVIL THING! OTHERWISE YOU WOULD NOT BE SO FRIGHTENED OF MY COMING!

YOU ARE EVIL! THE STARS SAY YOU ARE EVIL! GO AWAY!



SO THAT'S IT, EH? THE STARS ARE RUNNING YOUR KINGDOM! I UNDERSTAND **PERFECTLY**, NOW! VERY WELL, GAARLO, YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE! I SHALL RETURN TO THE SHIP AND RADIO FOR AN **IMMEDIATE PATROL SHIP!**



NO-NO! WAIT! I... ALL RIGHT! I SHALL SPEAK TO YOU IN PRIVATE, IF YOU WISH!

THAT'S BETTER, GAARLO... **MUCH BETTER!**



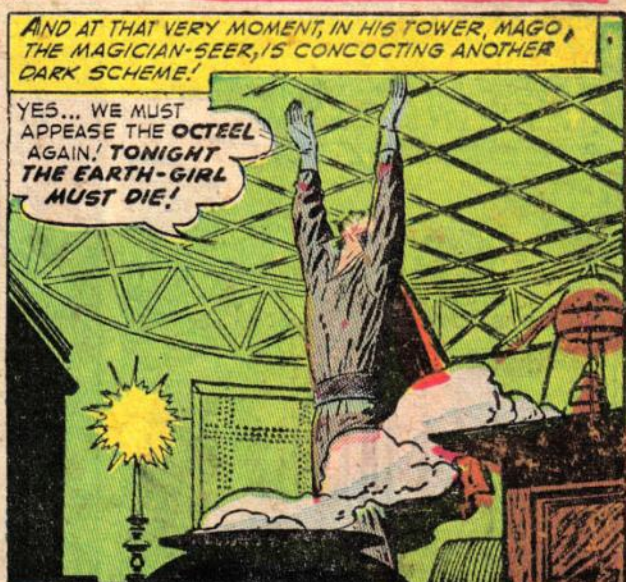
ALL RIGHT! NOW, WHAT'S THIS ABOUT **HUMAN SACRIFICE?** IS THAT **MAGO'S** IDEA?

MAGO IS MY VIZIER... A WISE MAN! HE KNOWS, DOCTOR, HE **KNOWS!** WITHOUT THE COUNSEL HE GETS FROM THE STARS THE **OCTEEL** WOULD HAVE **SCOURGED** MY POOR KINGDOM LONG AGO!



OCTEEL?

YES! THE TERRIBLE **MONSTER** THAT LIVES IN THE **WATER CAVERNS!** MAGO KNOWS HOW TO KEEP HIM AWAY FROM US! WE **MUST** SACRIFICE TO APPEASE HIM!



AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN HIS TOWER, MAGO, THE MAGICIAN-SEER, IS CONCOCTING ANOTHER **DARK SCHEME!**

YES... WE MUST APPEASE THE **OCTEEL** AGAIN! **TONIGHT THE EARTH-GIRL MUST DIE!**

THUS AT THE VERY MOMENT THAT MARK TRIES TO REASON WITH THE OLD KING

VENTRO SAID HE'D BE RIGHT BACK! HE...

OHH!

GAG HER! QUICKLY! TONIGHT WE SHALL HAVE A REAL PRIZE FOR THE MONSTER!



...YES, DOCTOR, YOU ARE RIGHT! MAGO HAS **FOOLED** ME WITH HIS SLY WORDS!

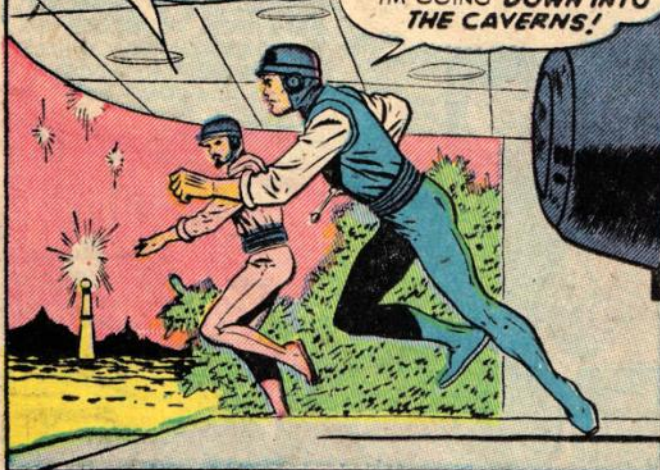
OF COURSE! THIS OCTEEL IS ONLY A LIVING CREATURE AND CAN BE KILLED THE SAME AS ANY OTHER!

MARK! COME QUICKLY! THEY'VE GOT MONA... FOR A SACRIFICE!



THEY'VE TAKEN HER TO THE WATER-CAVERNS! I WAS TOO LATE TO STOP THEM!

VENTRO, GO TO THE SHIP! WAIT THERE FOR MY INSTRUCTIONS BY RADIO! I'M GOING **DOWN INTO THE CAVERNS!**



NOW MEN, **SEIZE SAVANT!** HE... WHA! HE'S GONE!

MAGO! YOU FIEND! I KNOW THE **TRUTH** ABOUT YOU, NOW! YOU WANT MY THRONE! WELL, YOUR LITTLE GAME IS UP! DR. SAVANT HAS GONE TO **KILL THE "IMMORTAL" OCTEEL!**



YOU OLD FOOL! YOU'VE SIGNED YOUR OWN **DEATH WARRANT!** NOW I MUST GO TO THE WATER-CAVERNS AND **"TAKE CARE"** OF OUR EARTHLING FRIEND **PERSONALLY...** IN CASE THE OCTEEL FAILS



MEANWHILE AT THE WATER-CAVERNS ...

I CAN HEAR HIM THRASHING AROUND THE POOLS IN THERE!



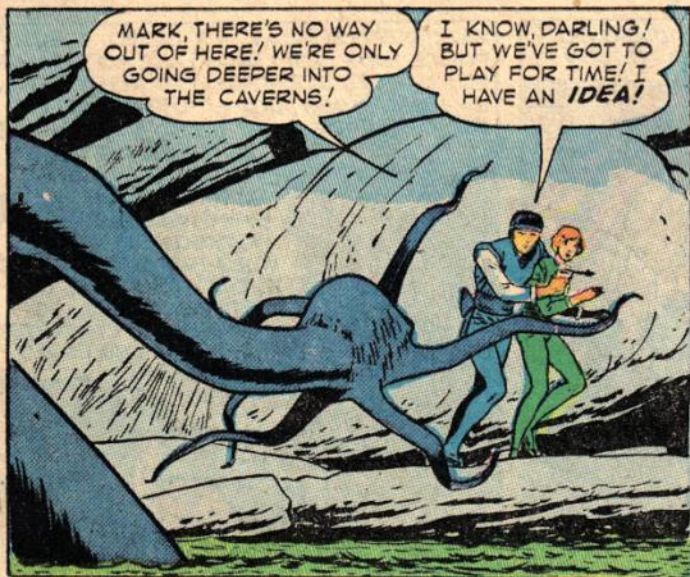
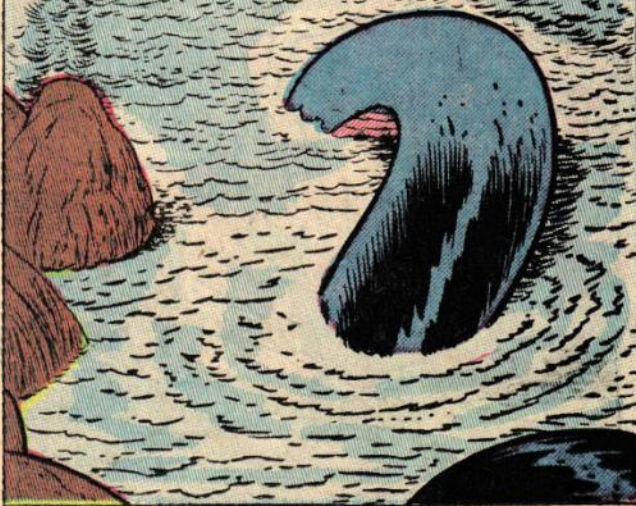
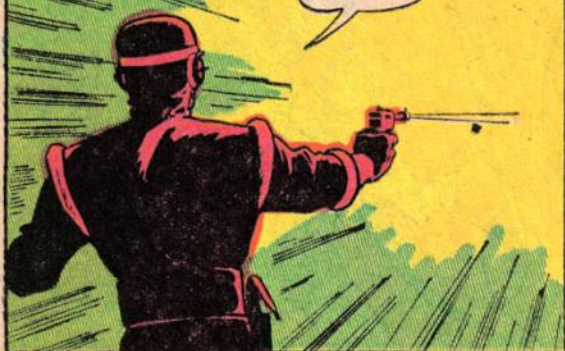


MONA, STAY BACK!
I'M GOING TO BLAST
THE CREATURE!

OH, MARK!! I
PRAYED YOU
WOULD COME!

WITH HIS **ELECTRO-BOLT** GUN BLAZING, MARK TRIES
TO FINISH THE MONSTER! BUT THE BOLTS OF
CURRENT ARE MERELY **ABSORBED** BY THE
RUBBERY FLESH OF THE OCTEEL!

AN **ELECTRO-GUN** IS USELESS
HERE! THE OCTEEL IS PART
OCTOPUS AND PART **ELECTRIC
EEL!**



MARK, THERE'S NO WAY
OUT OF HERE! WE'RE ONLY
GOING DEEPER INTO
THE CAVERNS!

I KNOW, DARLING!
BUT WE'VE GOT TO
PLAY FOR TIME! I
HAVE AN **IDEA!**

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CASTLE, MAGO
HURRIES TOWARD THE CAVERNS...

THERE GOES SAVANT'S CRAFT!
HE MUST HAVE **KILLED** THE
OCTEEL AND RADIOED HIS
CREWMAN TO PICK HIM UP!
I'VE GOT TO **HURRY!**

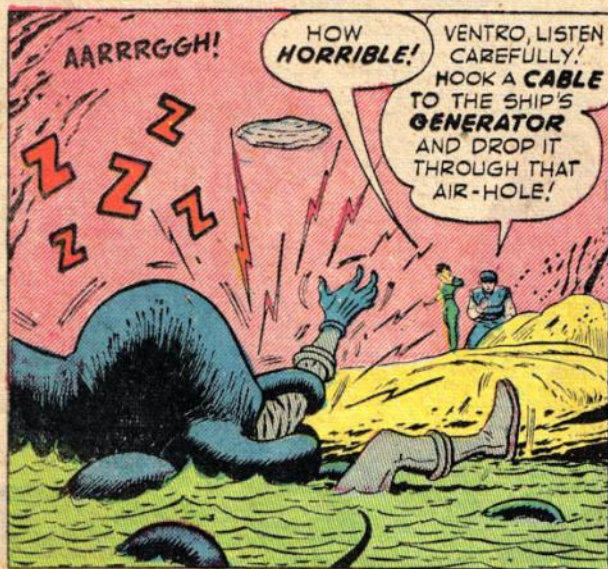




I CAN HEAR THEM
RUNNING THROUGH
THE PASSAGE WAY!
HA! HA! I HAVE THEM
TRAPPED!



WHA! THE
OCTEEL! IT'S
STILL ALIVE!



AARRRGH!

HOW
HORRIBLE!

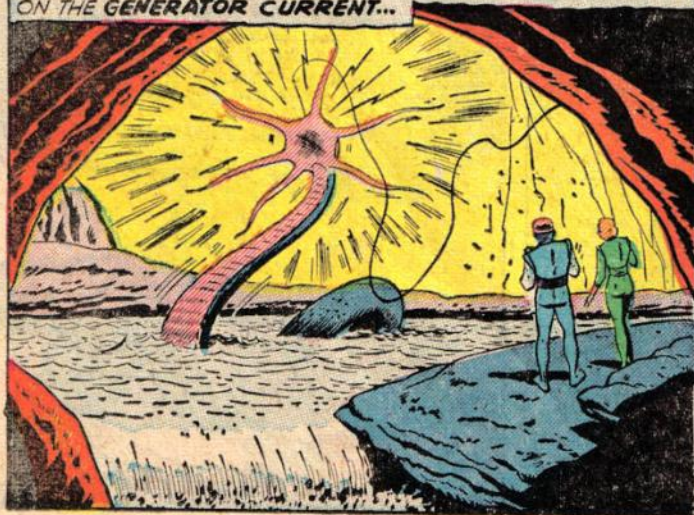
VENTRO, LISTEN
CAREFULLY!
HOOK A **CABLE**
TO THE SHIP'S
GENERATOR
AND DROP IT
THROUGH THAT
AIR-HOLE!

HOLDING THE JET SPAR TO WHICH THE CABLE IS
ATTACHED LIKE A HARPOON, SAVANT ADVANCES
ON THE MONSTER ...



IF THIS DOESN'T WORK
WE'RE FINISHED!

HE THROWS THE "HARPOON" AND AS IT PLUNGES DEEP INTO
THE MONSTER'S FLESH, SAVANT RADIOS VENTRO TO TURN
ON THE **GENERATOR CURRENT**...



MARK! INTER-STAR
POLICE HAVE JUST LAND-
ED! THEY'RE ROUNDING
UP MAGO'S MEN AND
RELEASING THE KING!

GOOD, VENTRO!
AND SO I GUESSED
RIGHT THAT THE MONSTER'S
BODY CURRENT WAS
POSITIVE! THAT
BOLT OF **NEGATIVE**
CURRENT FROM THE
SHIP'S **GENERATOR**
WORKED PERFECTLY!
WHEN THAT HARPOON HIT
IT, THE CIRCUIT WAS COM-
PLETE! MY FRIEND, WE
HAVE **SHORT-CIRCUITED**
THE **OCTEEL** AND ENDED
HUMAN SACRIFICE
ON GENERO!



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DR. OSBORNE'S SECRET WEAPON

GENERAL BOLLINGER heaved his huge bulk out of his chair, and pounded the table savagely. "Dr. Osborne," he snarled, "you talk just like the other civilians! I don't know what *your* background is, but we of the Army know only one way to treat an invader; to drive him from American soil!"

The President, seated at the head of the council table in his White House study, signalled briefly to the slender, scholarly-looking scientist. Then he turned to face Bollinger and the group of high-ranking Army officers that flanked him.

"Let's get one thing straight, General," he said. "Dr. Osborne is a perfectly loyal American. His family fought in every war since the Revolution. I personally had to reject his application for active duty the day the invaders were sighted heading for Earth from Sirius, because I knew that he would be more useful to the United States—and to Earth—as a scientist than he would be as a soldier."

"May I interrupt, Mr. President?" asked Osborne. At the President's nod, he turned to General Bollinger. "General," he said earnestly, "this is not a question of personalities. Everybody here knows that you're our greatest military leader on Earth. But, unfortunately, purely military methods won't work against the Sirian invaders. Just review the situation—less than six months ago they landed in St. Louis and the area around that city. Since then we haven't been able to stop them, no matter what we've tried. They've spread all the way east to the Alleghenies, and westward right up to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. We've been defeated in everything we've tried to do!"

"Sure," growled Bollinger, "because there are too many civilians in our defense effort! This is the year 2051. The U. S. has almost three-hundred years of military knowledge and achievements behind it. I say that if the Army was allowed to make atomic weapons right up to capacity, we'd soon

drive these monsters off our planet!"

As Dr. Osborne began to speak, the President held up his hand. "No, General. I have reached a decision. Effective immediately, all factories still functioning in the United States will be under Dr. Osborne's direct orders; he is responsible only to me. As he has tried to explain to you, he has developed a blanketing ray which will effectively stop all atomic explosions and atomic motors within its path. Our only hope at this moment is to turn out as much equipment as we can, to set up barriers around the invaders so that nothing they fire at us will pass through this barrier. I am convinced that Dr. Osborne's plan is sound. That's all, gentlemen."

"But, Mr. President," cried Bollinger fiercely. "Even if this idea works, it'll stop us just as effectively from getting at the invaders! Our atom-powered planes won't be able to fly over their territory, and our atom shells will stop dead the minute they hit the blanketing barriers! It'll be a complete stalemate!"

The President nodded. "That's right. But," he smiled grimly, "maybe it won't be a stalemate for long." He rose, and left the Council Room.

For the next six months, while the invaders were consolidating their positions for a new and more terrible assault which would conquer the entire country, the factories of the United States worked day and night to take advantage of their short reprieve.

The day came when all the atom-blanketing ray machines were in place. The mechanisms, projecting their deadly rays, formed an impenetrable wall through which no form of atomic energy could pass.

General Bollinger and the other professional soldiers continued to grumble at Dr. Osborne and his scientists. But the civilian experts seemed content to confine the invaders within their section of the country, even at the cost of making any counter-attack by United States forces impossible. Their

grumbling grew much louder when Dr. Osborne, with the President's express permission, commandeered every Army truck and vehicle, and ordered them to converge on New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

"You must be crazy," shouted Bollinger. "The enemy is in the central section of the country, not on the Atlantic seaboard! Are you planning to attack our own people now?"

"No," Osborne shook his head. "I can't tell you what we've got in mind, General, even though you're head of our forces. Because if I did, I'm sure you'd think I'm crazy. But I *know* my plan will work! And the President knows it, too!"

The American troops who manned the trucks and transport vehicles were perfectly happy to follow Dr. Osborne's orders. After a year of futile combat, alternately falling back in rout before the Sirian invaders, then idly speculating when the next attack would come, they welcomed a change of assignment. Even the mysterious orders they received, to assemble the contents of every specifically-indicated museum in the three cities, and all the books of certain very carefully-chosen publishers, were a novel and happy change. They even exchanged feeble jokes as they packed cartons and crates on the trucks.

Several weeks later, Dr. Osborne sat in General Bollinger's headquarters and passed a couple of books across the table.

"Read these, General!" Osborne said tersely. "They're going to win the war for us."

Bollinger glanced at the titles and snorted contemptuously. "These?" he demanded. "'Handbook of Rifles', dated 1951? And this one—'Annie Oakley, the Greatest Trick Shot of All Times?' She's been dead for a hundred and fifty years! What's this all about, Doctor?" He threw the books back on the table. "I don't even have to look at the others—I imagine they're all about the same. You're out of your mind! These things are manuals telling how to fire and handle the old-time explosive bullet-rifles that fired one shell at a time! We don't use weapons like that these days. Our modern rifles fire streams of atomic energy that spread out in a fan, and burn everything in front of them!"

Osborne nodded and smiled grimly. "Right! You might also want to look at this," and he handed the General a copy of "Ancient Airplanes of the Period of 1920-1950." As Bollinger threw the book down on the table, Osborne continued: "You might be interested to know that every flier in your forces is now studying a copy of this book—and every foot soldier is studying the other books on rifles. With the authority from the President, I'm also taking over command of all armed forces

until we've driven the invaders out. Then I'll return to my laboratory, while you can take over the Army again." Before Bollinger had stopped sputtering, Osborne had risen and left the room.

The busiest section of the Army, during the next few weeks, was the Quartermaster Corps, which had the task of collecting all atomic weapons, rendered useless by Dr. Osborne's ray, and replacing them with the oddest collection of weapons ever seen by any army in history! When each regiment was re-equipped with arms, one man found himself with an M-1 rifle alongside of comrades carrying a Springfield '03 and a Revolutionary War muzzle-loader!

The President and Dr. Osborne, seated in an ancient gasoline-powered helicopter which had been found in a museum in Philadelphia, hovered over the fighting area and watched the newly-equipped American troops march right through the atom-blanketing rays. They loaded their odd collection of weapons, looted from the other museums, and happily fired at the cowering Sirian invaders, who frantically and vainly attempted to use their atomic weapons in defense.

As the two leaders watched the invaders being driven into a smaller and smaller compass, an equally-strange collection of antique airplanes found in museums and old farm hangars, and fueled with gasoline which they had refined according to the ancient processes in use in 1950, roared over the Sirian camps. Dropping high-explosive shells, which possessed nothing like the destructive power of atomic bombs, they still managed effectively to blast the Sirian equipment to fragments.

Within two weeks the war was over. Every Sirian on Earth had been killed or captured. With the now-unnecessary atom-blanketing ray turned off, the factories of Earth could begin their gigantic task of rebuilding the shattered regions.

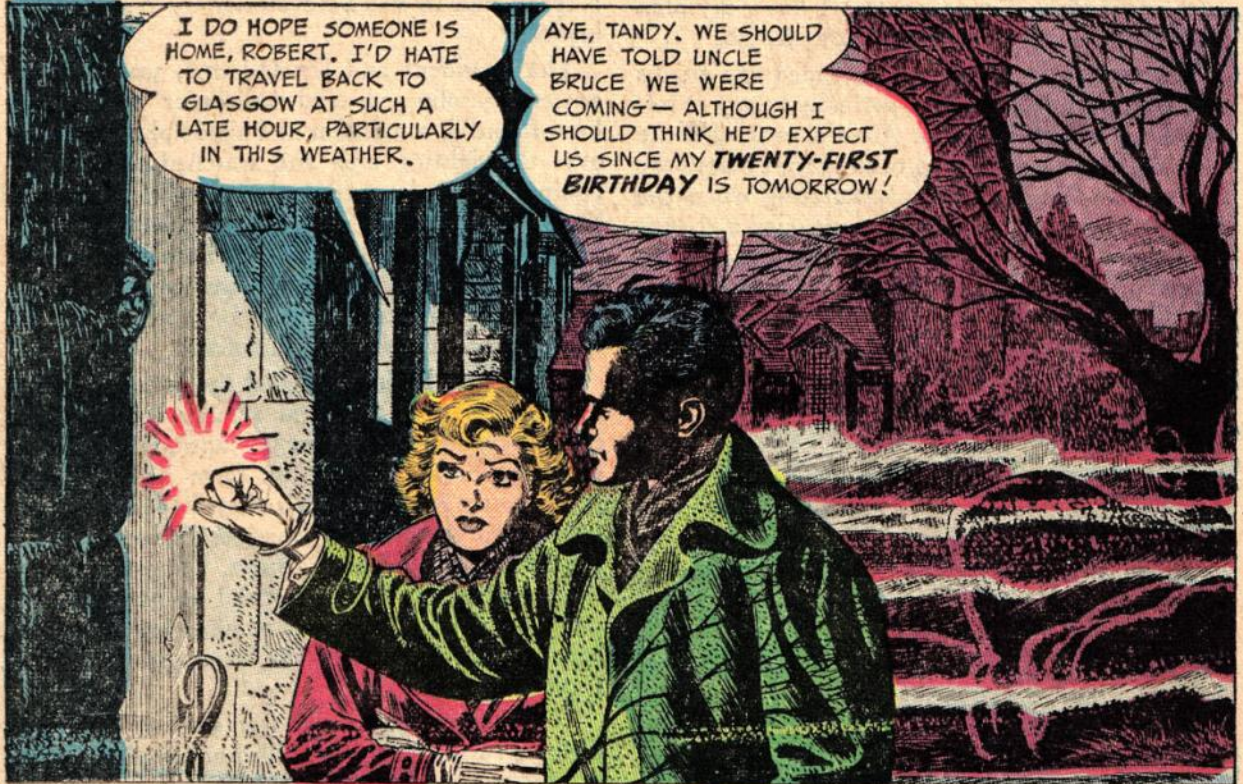
General Bollinger grinned at Dr. Osborne. "My apologies, Doctor!" he said. "From now on I'll never doubt a scientist again. How did you figure it out—I mean, to ruin every atom machine on Earth just so we could use the ancient weapons which the Sirians had forgotten about, just as we had?"

Dr. Osborne laughed. "It's easy, General. You see, at my house, when my atomic furnace and stove went out of order and could not be repaired quickly, my wife and I have had to learn how to use the old stoves left to us by my grandmother! I simply figured that if an old-fashioned stove would work without atomic energy, there's no reason why any other old-time apparatus wouldn't work, once all atomic energy were neutralized!"

THE END

The BLOODY SWORD

ON THE SCOTTISH MOORS, ABOUT SIX HOURS FROM GLASGOW, STANDS THE ANCIENT CASTLE OF THE MACCLORAN CLAN. FOR FIVE HUNDRED YEARS IT HAS STOOD, DARK AND FOREBODING, LOOMING OUT OF THE DANK BOG. AS OUR STORY OPENS, ROBERT MACCLORAN AND HIS FIANCÉE, TANDY, ANXIOUSLY WAIT FOR SOMEONE TO ANSWER THEIR IMPATIENT KNOCKING ON THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE...



I DO HOPE SOMEONE IS HOME, ROBERT. I'D HATE TO TRAVEL BACK TO GLASGOW AT SUCH A LATE HOUR, PARTICULARLY IN THIS WEATHER.

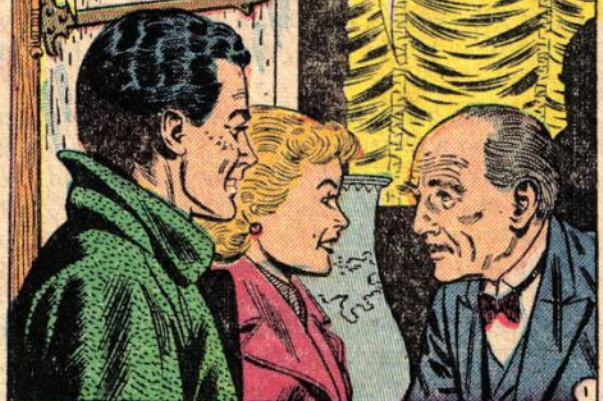
AYE, TANDY. WE SHOULD HAVE TOLD UNCLE BRUCE WE WERE COMING— ALTHOUGH I SHOULD THINK HE'D EXPECT US SINCE MY **TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY** IS TOMORROW!

ROBERT! ROBERT MACCLORAN! ACH, MY BONNIE LAD, YE CANNA' KNOW HOW MY OLD EYES HAVE BEEN CRAVIN' TO SEE YE!

AND IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, DUNCAN. AYE, YOU'RE THE SAME UGLY TREE-STUMP THAT I LEFT SIX YEARS AGO WHEN I WENT TO SCHOOL!

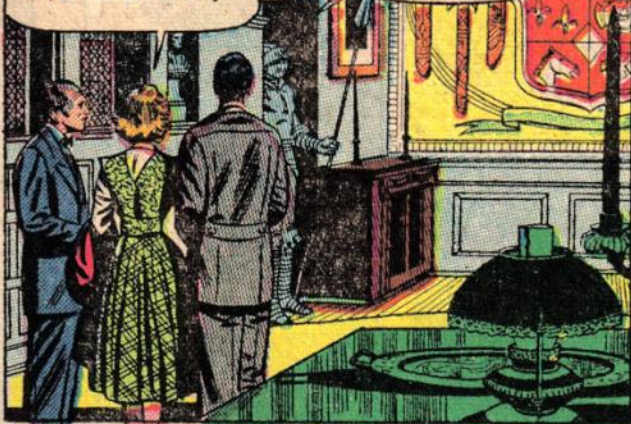
BUT SEE WHAT I BROUGHT BACK FROM GLASGOW UNIVERSITY, DUNCAN! MISS TANDY MORGAN, MY FIANCÉE.

HOW DO YOU DO, MISS TANDY! BUT COME, LET ME TAKE YOU OUT O' THE DAMPNES!



MY, WHAT A STRANGE
AND BEAUTIFUL ROOM!
WHAT IS THAT SHIELD
OVER THERE? I'VE
NEVER SEEN ANYTHING
QUITE LIKE IT!

IT'S THE MACCLORAN
ARMS — SYMBOL
OF **COURAGE**, WI'
A **HERITAGE** OF
BRAVERY!



WHEN THE FIRST MACCLORAN TOOK OVER
THE CASTLE THERE WERE TEN CLAYMORE
SWORDS AROUND THAT SHIELD. AS
EACH ELDEST SON REACHED TWENTY-ONE,
DOWN THROUGH THE GENERATIONS, HE
WAS TO HAVE ONE, FOR HE WOULD ONE
DAY BE THE LAIRD OF THE CASTLE. BUT
EACH SWORD WOULD HAVE TO TASTE
BLOOD, OR THE OWNER
WOULD KNOW NO PEACE...
AFTER **DEATH**!



ROBERT, TOMORROW **YOU'LL**
BE TWENTY-ONE. THAT
MEANS YOU'LL GET A
SWORD, FOR YOU'LL
BE LAIRD OF THIS
CASTLE. BUT THE
SWORD WOULD —
WOULD HAVE TO
TASTE BLOOD?

NAY, TANDY,
WHEN MY
FATHER DIED, THE
LAST SWORD OF
THE MACCLORANS
WAS BURIED WITH
HIM. I'LL HAVE
NO SWORD.



AYE, ROBERT LAD, BUT
YE DID NOT ADD THAT
YOUR FATHER'S SWORD
HAD NEVER **TASTED**
BLOOD!

BUT THE
LEGEND —
ABOUT
**RESTING-
IN PEACE?**



HA! HA! DON'T WORRY
YOUR BONNIE HEAD,
LASS — IT'S **JUST**
A **LEGEND**!

GOOD EVENIN'
TO YE, ROBERT
MACCLORAN!



FORGIVE ME IF I
STARTLED YE, BUT
I DIDN'T EXPECT
YE TO COME AT
THIS HOUR!

I'M SORRY, UNCLE
BRUCE — BUT THE
TRAIN WAS RATHER
SLOW!



SO THE YOUNG LAIRD HAS COME TO CLAIM HIS INHERITANCE, EH? WELCOME, LAD, TO THE CASTLE OF YOUR ANCESTORS!



THANK YOU, UNCLE. THIS IS MY FIANCEE, TANDY. ER, IF YOU WILL PREPARE A ROOM... SHE IS VERY TIRED. WE CAN STAY UP AND DISCUSS THE TERMS OF THE INHERITANCE, IF YOU LIKE.



NAY, ROBERT, NAY! YOU MUST BE TIRED YOURSELF AFTER THAT LONG JOURNEY. I'LL HAVE DUNCAN PREPARE YOUR ROOM, TOO.

BUT I'M NOT TOO TIRED, UNCLE BRUCE! I'LL STAY UP AND—

PSST! ROBERT! DO NOT...



DUNCAN! HOLD YOUR TONGUE! TAKE MISS TANDY TO HER ROOM!



DON'T MIND DUNCAN — HE'S GETTING OLD AND APT TO DO AND SAY STRANGE THINGS. WELL, LAD, ARE YOU GOING TO BED?

NO, UNCLE, I'D LIKE TO STAY UP FOR A WHILE AND THINK. THERE ARE MANY PROBLEMS I'LL HAVE TO SETTLE. I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING. GOOD NIGHT!



HE'LL SEE ME IN THE MORNING, EH? HEH, HEH! PERHAPS, NEPHEW... PERHAPS! I'VE BEEN LAIRD OF THIS CASTLE FOR THESE PAST TWELVE YEARS, AND NO ONE IS GOING TO TAKE IT FROM ME!



MEANWHILE, IN TANDY'S ROOM...





I'VE MISSED THIS TIME, ROBERT—
BUT THERE'LL BE OTHER
OPPORTUNITIES! YOU'LL SOON
JOIN MY BROTHER, ANDREW
MACCLORAN, IN THE FAMILY
TOMB AND CASTLE MACCLORAN
WILL BE MINE!

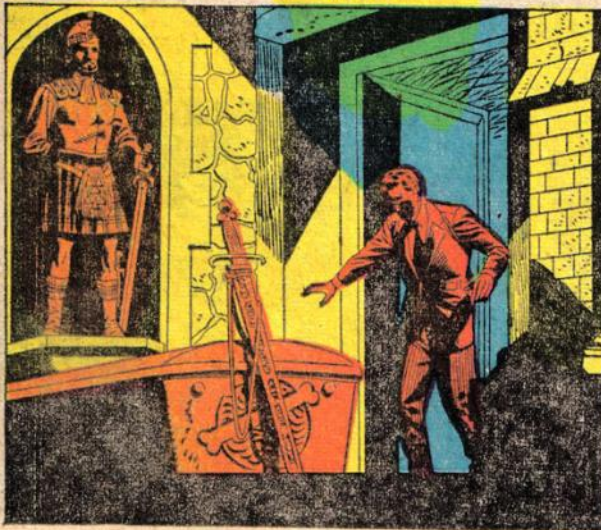
THE NEXT MORNING...



I MUST VISIT THE TOMB
OF MY FATHER. I'LL
RETURN SOON AND
MEET YOU HERE
IN THE GARDEN.

BE CAREFUL,
DARLING!
REMEMBER
WHAT DUNCAN
SAID!

THE TOMB OF ANDREW MACCLORAN...



FATHER, YOU WERE A GOOD
AND A KIND MAN — AND YOUR
SWORD NEVER DREW BLOOD.
THAT I MAY CONDUCT MYSELF
AS LAIRD WITH YOUR COURAGE
AND STRENGTH IS MY
FONDEST WISH!



WHAT TH—?

SLAM!



I'M TRAPPED! I'LL
SUFFOCATE! HELP!
HELP!!





I'VE COME FOR
YE, BRUCE!



WHY DO YE
SHAKE, BRUCE?
DO YE NOT
KNOW YOUR
KIN? ARE
YE A-FEARED
OF YOUR
BROTHER,
ANDREW
MACCLORAN?

NAY, NAY!
'TIS NOT
YOU... 'TIS
NOT YOU,
ANDREW!
SAY
'TIS NOT
YOU!

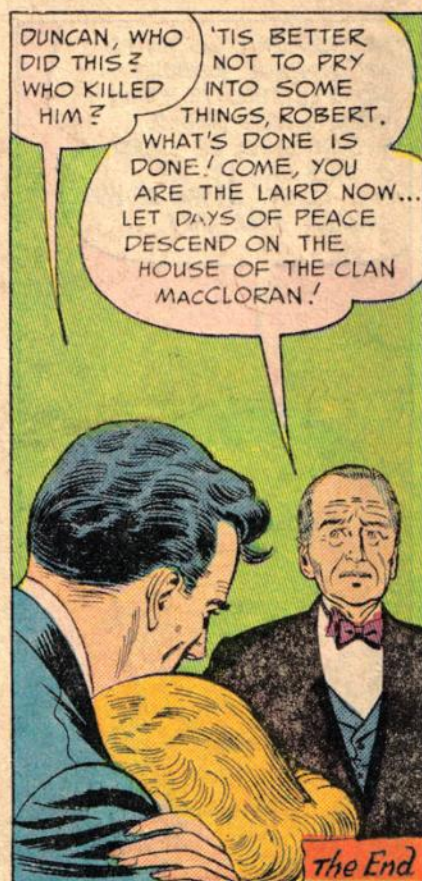


YE'LL NOT HA' MY
SON'S BLOOD,
BRUCE! YE'LL
NOT KILL
HIM!

NO! NO!



THAT SCREAM!
COME ON,
TANDY!



DUNCAN, WHO
DID THIS?
WHO KILLED
HIM?

'TIS BETTER
NOT TO PRY
INTO SOME
THINGS, ROBERT.
WHAT'S DONE IS
DONE! COME, YOU
ARE THE LAIRD NOW...
LET DAYS OF PEACE
DESCEND ON THE
HOUSE OF THE CLAN
MACCLORAN!

The End

The Portrait of DEATH

LONDON, 1920: GREGORY HARBOROUGH, WEALTHY LINEN EXPORTER AND CURIO COLLECTOR, PASSES AN OLD ANTIQUE SHOP IN LONDON'S SOUTH SIDE...AND IS ABSOLUTELY DUMBFOUNDED BY WHAT HE SEES THERE...

THAT PAINTING...
WHY... WHY...
THIS IS
INCREDIBLE!

THE NAME IS... *PORTRAIT OF
DEATH!* GOOD HEAVENS! THIS
MUST BE A MONSTROUS
JOKE!

THE FACE IN
THE PORTRAIT...
IT... IT'S
MY FACE!

*PORTRAIT
OF
DEATH
Lester De Salvo*

I SEE THE PICTURE CAPTIVATES YOUR FANCY, EH, GOV'NAH? H'IT'S AN INTERESTING PIECE, WOT? WOULD LOOK 'ANDSOME OVER A MANTEL...

WHO IS THE PAINTER OF THIS IMPUDENT 'CANVAS!

WHY, A CHAP NAME OF ANTON DE SALVO, SIR. 'IS WORK IS VERY INTERESTING... GREAT DEPTH, NO?

STOP TOYING WITH ME, SIR! I DEMAND TO KNOW THE MEANING OF THIS! WHERE DID YOU GET THIS PAINTING?



WHY...I GOT IT AT AUCTION, SIR, PUBLIC AUCTION. I PAID FIFTY POUND STERLING, I DID... IF YOU'RE A DETECTIVE, SIR...I NEVER STOLE NOTHIN' IN ME LIFE... I SWEAR IT! I 'AVE THE RECEIPT RIGHT INSIDE ...

YOU SAY THE ARTIST'S NAME IS DE SALVO, EH? TELL ME WHERE HIS STUDIO IS--OR I'LL HAVE YOU **ARRESTED!** I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

HIS STUDIO? WHY--IT WAS SOMEWHERE ON LOCKLEY STREET, IF I RECALL... GREY STUCCO ...NO WINDOWS ... BUT...

LOCKLEY STREET, EH... DE SALVO... WELL, WE'LL SOON SEE WHAT'S WHAT HERE!

WAIT A MOMENT, SIR--ANTON DE SALVO HAS BEEN...

EH...TOO LATE... HE'S GONE. WHAT A QUEER DUCK **THAT** ONE IS!



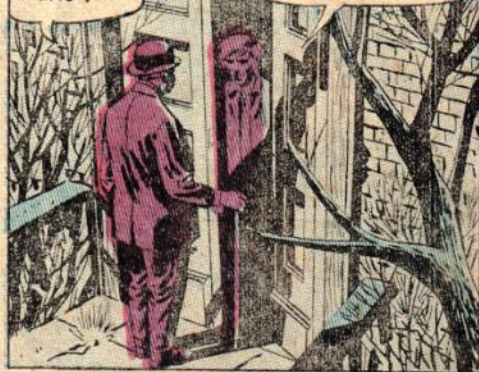
WALKING SWIFTLY,
GREGORY HARBOROUGH
SOON REACHES HIS
DESTINATION ...
LOCKLEY STREET...



HERE WE ARE--AND
--THAT SHAMBLES
THERE MUST BE THE
HOUSE...HMM! NOW
WE'LL LET MR. DE
SALVO DO SOME
EXPLAINING...

I TAKE IT YOU ARE
ANTON DE SALVO--
IF SO, I'LL HAVE A
WORD WITH YOU...
IF YOU DON'T
MIND!

OF COURSE...I
HAVE BEEN
EXPECTING YOU!
...COME IN, MR.
HARBOROUGH!



THERE! THAT'S JUST
IT! I NEVER SAW
YOU IN MY LIFE...
YET YOU KNOW **MY**
NAME... YOU KNOW
ME! I DEMAND AN
EXPLANATION!



IN DUE
TIME. BUT,
FIRST...
COME
INTO MY
STUDIO!

WHAT A
HORRIBLE
PLACE!

WELL, I'VE BEEN AWAY,
AND I'VE JUST RETURNED.
YES, THESE PLACES
DETERIORATE IF NOT
PROPERLY
CARED FOR!



ALL RIGHT, DE SALVO, ENOUGH OF THIS
NONSENSE! I DEMAND TO KNOW
WHY YOU PAINTED A PORTRAIT OF
ME... A PERFECT STRANGER...
AND WHY THE DEUCE YOU CALLED
IT '**PORTRAIT OF DEATH**',
ANYWAY!



LET'S
SAY IT
WAS...
DESTINY,
MR.
HARBOROUGH...

AS HE TALKS, THE STRANGE ARTIST BEGINS
TO PAINT SLOWLY...



YOU SEE, DESTINY IS A
STRANGE THING... BECAUSE OF DESTINY
I KNOW MANY THINGS... ABOUT **YOU!**
I KNOW ABOUT YOUR LINEN BUSINESS...
ABOUT YOUR SHADY TRANSACTIONS...
ABOUT YOUR WHOLE LIFE... AND I
KNOW THAT **YOU ARE THE IMAGE**
OF DEATH!

I... I AM
THE FACE...
OF
DEATH?
ABSURD!

YOU ARE **DEATH** TO
SOMEONE, MR.
HARBOROUGH... YOU
WILL SOON COMMIT
MURDER!

WHOM...
WHOM...
SHALL I
MURDER...?

MR. HARBOROUGH,
YOU WILL
MURDER **ME!**

WHY... THAT'S
PREPOSTEROUS!
WHY SHOULD I
KILL **YOU?**

THAT'S VERY
SIMPLE TO
KEEP YOUR
DREAD
SECRET!..



YES... I KNOW THAT TEN
YEARS AGO -- YOU **KILLED**
YOUR WIFE'S SUITOR, ALAN
WHALEN... TO WIN HER
YOURSELF. AND NOW... YOU
MUST MURDER **ME...** OR I
SHALL TELL THE POLICE ...
THAT'S WHY!



YOU... KNOW... THAT! YOU
FIEND! YOU'LL NEVER TURN
ME OVER TO THE
POLICE!
NEVER!



YOU'VE SEALED YOUR OWN
FATE, YOU FOOL! **NOW...**





**DIE,
DE SALVO!**

**THERE! NOW... WAIT... HE WAS
PAINTING... I MUST SEE WHAT
IT IS!... IT MAY BE
INCRIMINATING!**



**NO! NO! IT... IT'S MY HAND!
HE KNEW... HE KNEW JUST HOW
I'D DO IT! HE KNEW!**



**THE CURIO SHOP...
I MUST GO BACK...
AND GET MY
PICTURE OUT
OF THERE!
OTHERWISE,
THE POLICE
WILL LOOK
FOR ME WHEN
THEY FIND
DE SALVO!**



**IT'S CLOSED! BUT I'LL
SMASH THE WINDOW!
I MUST GET THE
PAINTING!!**



THIS ROCK WILL... **NO!**
THE PAINTING! HOW
HORRIBLE!
NO! NO!



HORRIFIED BY WHAT HE SEES,
GREGORY HARBOROUGH COVERS
HIS FACE IN ANGUISH AND
STAGGERS OUT INTO THE STREET...

NO!.. NO!.. NO!
HEY! LOOK OUT!



OFFICER—I SWEAR... I KNOW...I
I COULDN'T SAW THE WHOLE
AVOID 'IM! THING. I... **GOOD**
LORD! LOOK AT
'E RAN OUT 'IS FACE!.. **ORRIBLE!**
RIGHT IN FRONT THAT HOOF SMASHED
OF ME IT **BEYOND RECOG-**
'ORSE ... **NITION!**



OFFICER... BAD ACCIDENT...
WHAT IS IT... MAN'S DEAD.
WHAT'S ALL MAYBE YOU
THE NOISE CAN HELP
'ERE? WHAT ME. HE
'APPENED? LOOKED INTO
YOUR WINDOW,
THEN RAN OUT
INTO THE STREET
AS IF SOMETHING
HAD **FRIGHTENED**
HIM ...



WAIT A MOMENT... SURE, I
RECOGNIZE THOSE **CLOTHES!**
THAT'S THAT **QUEER CHAP**
THAT WAS HERE YESTERDAY
AFTERNOON... LOOKIN' AT
THAT **PAINTIN'**
IN MY WINDOW.



'E DEMANDED TO KNOW WHO THE ARTIST WAS AND WHERE 'E LIVED... I TOLD 'IM IT **WAS** THE GREY STUCCO PLACE OVER ON LOCKLEY STREET... BEEN ALL **LOCKED AND BOARDED UP** FOR YEARS NOW, OF COURSE...



OH, YOU MEAN THAT WEIRD OLD DE SALVO PLACE?



YES... YOU REMEMBER DE SALVO, THE PAINTER... **KILLED** LATE ONE NIGHT BY AN **UNKNOWN MURDERER** IN HIS STUDIO... STABBED WITH A **PALETTE KNIFE**, 'E WAS... ALMOST **TWENTY YEARS** AGO!

THAT'S ONE OF DE SALVO'S WORKS! THE TITLE IS **"PORTRAIT OF DEATH."** I'VE STUDIED IT MANY AN HOUR AND I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT... CAN YOU?

WHO COULD? 'E MUST HAVE BEEN **BALMY** TO PAINT LIKE THAT!



YES... THERE'S MANY SAY 'E WAS **INSANE**... ANYWAY 'IS PICTURES AIN'T WORTH MUCH THESE DAYS...

THIS -- "**PORTRAIT OF DEATH**" IS ' CERTAINLY **QUEER** -- WITH A HORSE'S **HOOVES** ON THE MAN'S FACE -- JUST LIKE THE **BLOKE** IN THE **GUTTER**!



The End

The FINGER OF FATE

THE RISHI, OR HOLY MEN, ARE QUITE OFTEN THE ONLY DOCTORS AVAILABLE TO THE SICK AND DISEASED OF TIBET! AND SO, WHEN DEWARZUNG, A TIBETIAN BANDIT CHIEF, SUFFERED A BROKEN LEG HE CALLED ON A RISHI TO ATTEND HIM! THE POOR ANCIENT RISHI, FAILED, BUT IT WAS FORTUNATE FOR DEWARZUNG THAT DR. GLADYS CROSS, A MEDICAL MISSIONARY, WAS AT THE NEARBY VILLAGE OF DRAUS! AS OUR STORY OPENS...

THE WHITE DOCTOR HAS HELPED ME ... THE RISHI HAS FAILED! OUT WITH ONE OF HIS EYES AND OFF WITH A FINGER!



OH, BANDIT CHIEF, SPARE THIS ANCIENT ONE WHO DID HIS BEST! I OFFER YOU THIS GOLD RING IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS HEALTH!

SO BE IT! BUT GET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT!



HONORABLE LADY, MY ETERNAL THANKS! I WILL DEVOTE THIS EYE AND FINGER TO YOU! THEY WILL PROTECT YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!



MONTHS LATER, AS DR. CROSS WAS LEADING HER CARAVAN TOWARD YEA-KEANG, THROUGH BANDIT INFESTED COUNTRY, SHE RECEIVED A STRANGE WARNING...

OH! WHAT'S THIS? THE FINGER OF THE RISHI, POINTING AWAY FROM YEA-KEANG—WARNING ME! **HALT!** WE WILL GO BY KASHGAR!



DR. CROSS TRIED TO WARN THE REST OF THE CARAVAN, BUT ONLY HER SMALL PARTY TOOK THE NEW ROUTE! AT KASHGAR...

LADY, WHAT MIRACLE BROUGHT YOU TO KASHGAR? ONLY THIS EVENING EVERY MAN IN THE CARAVAN WAS MURDERED 10 MILES FROM YEA-KEANG!

OH, KIND



THE OLD RISHI HAD MADE GOOD HIS PROMISE! AND THREE TIMES MORE WAS THE FINGER TO SAVE DR. CROSS'S LIFE! ONCE WHEN IT WAVED HER DRIVER AWAY FROM A BOMB IN CAIRO; AGAIN WHEN IT CAUTIONED HER NOT TO TAKE A BOAT FROM ALEXANDRIA WHICH LATER SANK AT SEA, AND FINALLY, WHEN IT WARNED HER NOT TO FLY FROM PARIS TO LONDON—ON A FLIGHT IN WHICH **ALL PASSENGERS WERE KILLED!** EXPLAIN IT IF YOU CAN!



GRAVEYARD IN THE ANTARCTIC

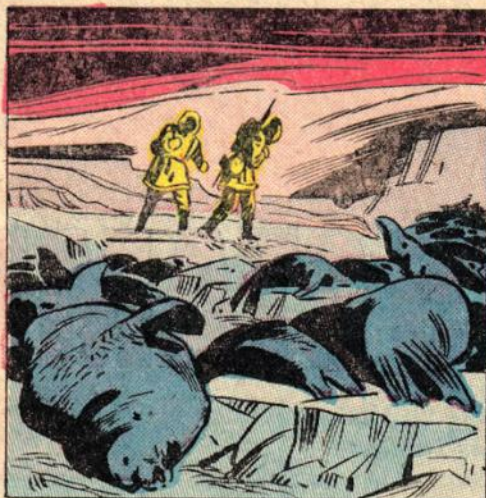


WHEN HE WAS WITH CAPTAIN ROBERT SCOTT ON THE GREAT EXPLORER'S LAST TRIP TO THE ANTARCTIC, SURGEON-COMMANDER G. MURRAY LEVICK OF THE BRITISH NAVY WITNESSED A STRANGE AND MYSTERIOUS SIGHT! LEVICK AND A COMPANION HAD BECOME SEPARATED FROM THE MAIN PARTY AT HELL'S GATE NEAR THE DRYGALSKI ICE BARRIER, WHEN...

...SUDDENLY, IN THE DISTANCE, THEY SAW SEVERAL SEALS, OBVIOUSLY IN A VERY WEAK CONDITION, SITTING QUIETLY TOGETHER!



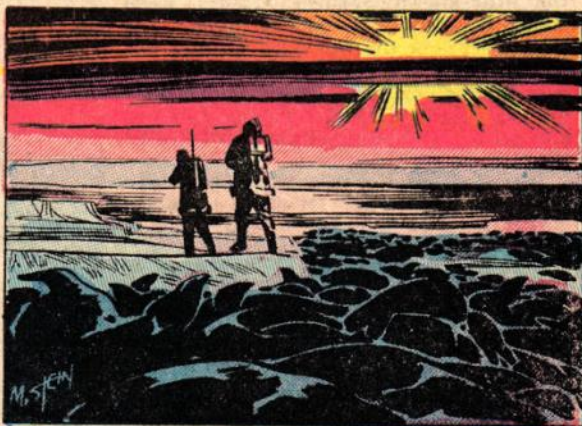
THE SEALS DID NOT FLEE WHEN THE MEN APPROACHED THEM! WHEN THE MEN WENT UP TO THE OMINOUSLY QUIET SEA LIONS, THE REASON BECAME APPARENT--THE SEALS WERE ALL DYING!



BEHIND THE DYING SEALS WAS A VAST PATCH OF THE DEAD AND MUMMIFIED BODIES OF THOUSANDS OF SEALS!



THE SURGEON-COMMANDER EXAMINED THE BODIES OF MANY OF THE SEALS! AS NEAR AS HE COULD DETERMINE, THIS CITY OF THE DEAD SEALS HAD BEEN EXPANDING FOR CENTURIES! IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT, FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS, DYING SEALS HAD CRAWLED FROM THE SEA, ACROSS HUNDREDS OF YARDS OF ICE, TO THIS PARTICULAR LONELY SPOT TO DIE!



BUT NOT ALL OF SURGEON-COMMANDER LEVICK'S SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE AND RESEARCH COULD EXPLAIN TO HIM WHAT MYSTERIOUS FORCE HAD LED THESE THOUSANDS OF SEALS, TO COME TO THIS ONE ISOLATED SPOT TO DIE! TODAY, THIS IS AS GREAT A MYSTERY AS WHEN COMMANDER LEVICK FIRST SAW IT--IN 1910! WHAT PEOPLES THESE MAMMALS OF THE SEA TO COME TO THIS STRANGE "GRAVEYARD IN THE ANTARCTIC?"

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It's fun to assemble, thrilling to fly. So don't delay—SEND NO MONEY—rush your order today to be sure of prompt delivery.

Designed by Commander Wallis Rigby

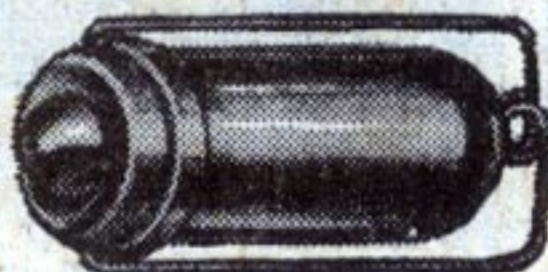
Yes, Commander Rigby, world famous designer, is the inventor of the JETEX JAVELIN. The Commander says, "I have created thousands of models, but the JETEX JAVELIN is the finest thing I have ever done!"

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and
FEEL YOUNGER



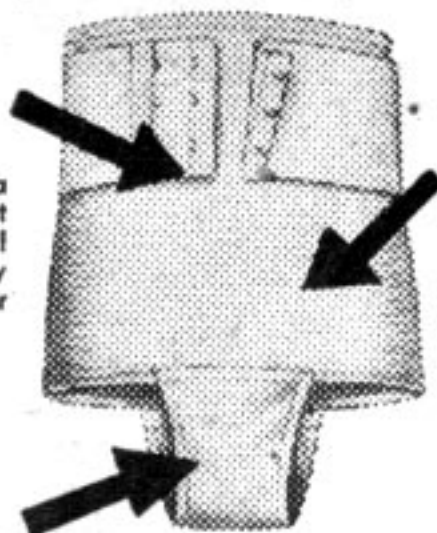
DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

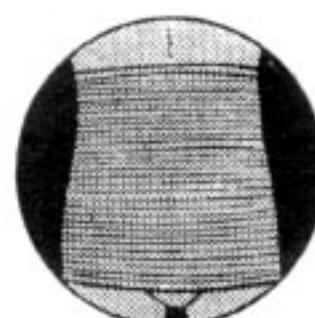
Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge ... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in ... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

FRONT ADJUSTMENT
Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!



TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH
Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen; yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH
Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!



Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on **FREE TRIAL**. Mail the coupon right now!

Rear View
FITS SNUG AT SMALL OF BACK
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.



POSTURE BAD?
Got a 'Bay Window'?



DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?



YOU NEED A
"CHEVALIER"!

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined ... how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 2704-E 487 Broadway, N. Y. 13, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY: JUST MAIL COUPON

RONNIE SALES, INC. Dept. 2704-E
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' **FREE TRIAL** a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my **FREE** pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

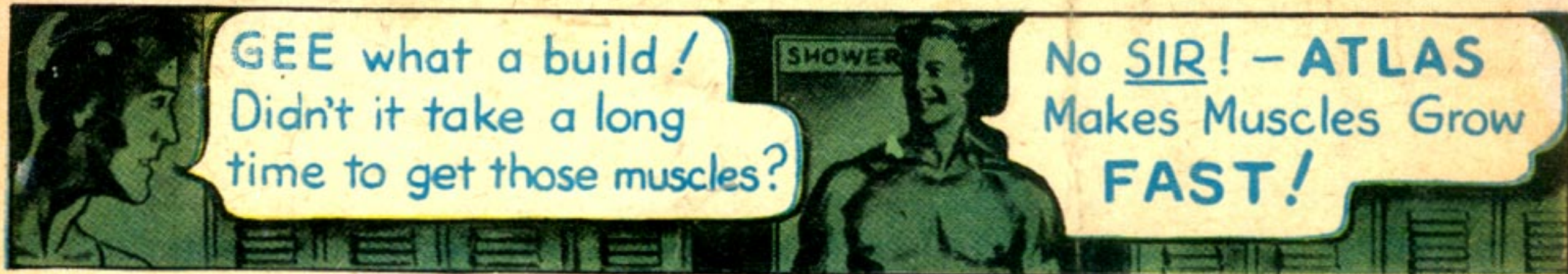
My waist measure is
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name

Address

City and Zone State

☐ Save 65c postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same Free Trial and refund privilege.



Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?



LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU

<p>5 inches of new Muscle</p> <p>"My arms increased 1 1/2"; chest 2 1/2"; fore-arm 3/4". —C.S., W. Va.</p>	<p>What a difference!</p> <p>"Have put 3 1/2" on chest (normal) and 2 1/2" expanded." —F.S., N.Y.</p>
<p>Here's what ATLAS did for ME!</p> <p>John Jacobs BEFORE John Jacobs AFTER</p>	<p>For quick results I recommend CHARLES ATLAS</p> <p>"Am sending snapshot showing wonderful progress." —W.G., N.J.</p> <p>GAINED 29 POUNDS</p> <p>"When I started, weighed only 141. Now 170." —T.K., N.Y.</p>

CHARLES ATLAS

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in international contest — in competition with ALL men who would consent to appear against him.

This is a recent photo of Charles Atlas. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.

Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE and OUTSIDE!** I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man

physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you **no gadgets or contraptions** to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. **No theory**—every exercise is **practical**. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY**.

FREE BOOK

'Everlasting Health and Strength'

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became **NEW MEN** in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped **THEM** do. See what I can do for **YOU!** For a real thrill, send for this book **today—at ONCE**. **CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 376Q 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 376Q
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City..... State.....